

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

tifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potently belieue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall grow old as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madnesse, yet there is methode in't, wil you walke our of the ayre my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my graue.

*Pol.* Indeepe that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be dliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I wil take my leaue of you.

*Ham.* You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Enter Guildenstjerne and Rosencraus.*

*Pol.* Fare you well my Lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fooles.

*Pol.* You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

*Ros.* God saue you fir.

*Guy.* My honor'd Lord.

*Ros.* My most deere Lord.

*Ham.* My exelent good friends, how dost thou *Guildenstjerne* & *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guy.* Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shooe.

*Ros.* Neither my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fau

*Guy.* Faith her priuates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet What newes?

*Ros.* None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

*Ham.* Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true, But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonoure*?

*Ros.* To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

*Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thank you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halpenny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

*Ham.* Any thing but to th purpose; you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modestyes haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end my Lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowshippe, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no.

*Ros.* What say you?

*Ham.* Nay then I haue an eye of you, if you loue me hold not off.

*Guy.* My Lord wee were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King and Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes soe heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue ore-hanged firmament, this maiestically roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to mee but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beauty of the world; the parragon of Animales, and yet to mee, what is this Quintessence of dust? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

*Ros.* My Lord there was no such stoffe in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me?

*Ros.* To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the players shal receiue from you, wee coted them on the way, and hether are they coming to offer you seruice.

*Ham.* He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiesty shal haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous Knight shal vse his foyle an target, the louer shal not sing gratis, the humorous man shal end his part in peace and the Lady shal say, her mind freely: or the blank verse shal hault for't. What players are they?

*Ros.* Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragicallians of the Citty.